

Cumming and Cunning: Eve's Submission and Vipère's Domination

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Cumming and Cunning: Eve's Submission and Vipère's Domination

by [lefemmerouge](#)

Summary

Eve continues to process her loss to the snake woman on Catherine's golf course. As much as she wanted to deny it, she keeps being drawn to this woman, especially her sensually arousing scent, which makes her hornier than she'd like to admit. Eve can't get away from the woman who publicly humiliated her by fucking her on a golf course and had her way with her. Sometime later, she's lying on the bed in the swanky hotel room rented by this woman. Will Eve snap back to usual self, or will she continue to be dominated by this woman? You'll have to read to find out how it goes down between a devious snake woman and blond-haired firecracker golfer.

Notes

Happy April 28th!

When I saw the prompt on a certain site, by This_world_of_beautiful_monsters for "any, any/any, biting or chewing or cleaning or losing" I immediately thought of this fic as it has a woman biting another woman's altar of desire and neck. The original text was 3,252 words. It garnered, [on AO3](#), over 950 hits, 7 kudos, 3 bookmarks, and a few comments. I listed six fics on AO3 as inspirations: "have my way with you" by saiditallbefore, "The Viper's Temptation" by Eroppai (FalstaffKisaragi) (one of my favorite fics), "In Her Orbit" by Red_desert_feline, "Just Another Condom" by IrredimableDegenerate6969, "Dark Places" by Quickflicker, and "Training Day" by ambiguously. I also aimed to make the original fic longer than "The Viper's Temptation", which was 3,251 words. The cross-posted version got 371 hits on [Adult Fanfiction](#) plus 12 hits on here (listed in inspirations), and 170 hits [on Asian Fanfics](#). For the latter site, you have to say you are over 18 to read it.

When posting it here, I went with the original title I put together for the fic, discarding the title I came up with ("You Reap What You Sow: Eve's 'Pleasureful' Submission to Vipère's Cunning Domination"). I did not use any of my other titles I composed in the process of editing the original fic

before publication ("Submitting to Domination?: Eve's Immense Pleasure and Vipère's Cunning Domination", "Conquering Eve?: Cumming and Vipère's "Pleasureful" Domination", "A Rainbow Bullet of... Pleasure?: Vipère's Cunning Domination of Eve"). In order to **fulfill** this prompt, I expanded the text from 3,252 words to 4,264, adding in 1,012 words or about 31.1% more. This included more scenes/words about biting and cleaning (I'm interpreting that here as licking and sucking), in a smutty/sexual way, plus other words which made the fic stronger than the original in many ways. When posting it here, I revised and improved it again.

Prior to publishing the original fic, I looked at terms suggested by users in a Reddit discussion, of all places, about euphemisms for the word "vagina." Their suggestions were helpful in cutting down the number of uses of the word "pussy" in this fic to only two times, rather than the original twelve times. For the purpose of this fic, [Eve](#) and [Vipère](#) are both above age 18, as Eve is age 19 at the end of the series, and Vipère has no canonical age. [I saved a copy](#) on the Internet Archive of this fic as well.

As always, comments and concrit are welcome.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [You Reap What You Sow: Eve's "Pleasureful" Submission to Vipère's Cunning Domination](#) by [lefermerouge](#)

It had been days since she had lost at Catherine's golf course. Eve had long missed her appointed time to play with Aoi. The snake woman had used a devious trick to throw her off her game: scents coming from her belly button. By the time she realized it, the game had already ended. To her shock, she had lost, damaging her ego. Following their match, this woman had licked her, breathed in her perfume and body odors, and made her cum, with their tender lovemaking all in public view. If that wasn't bad enough, after all of this, the snake woman made her walk across the golf course naked in a shameful display. That never left her mind. It stayed with her.

Now, they had reached their *final destination*. They were in a swanky hotel room, somewhere in Nafrece, that this woman was renting. She could have walked away. However, something kept her there, like she *wanted* to be dominated by this woman over and over again. Perhaps she did. Or maybe it was something else, like her uncaring attitude about social and media pressures, while remaining *wild* and free-spirited. No matter the precise reason, she stayed there.

Vipère loudly snickered. She ran her hands over the shaggy blond-haired woman's body, which she had conquered. This woman, who laid on the bed, had submitted to her on that golf course and she kept doing so. Eve continued to moan. She felt the woman's pointed fingernails running across her skin. It was a mix of pain and pleasure. Like many women, this low-stress environment, and erotic sensation, caused her sexual desire to reawaken once more.

The snake woman massaged her long slender fingernails over Eve's clit, causing her to shutter. She teased her thumb against it, continuing to touch it with pinpoint accuracy. Eve couldn't hold it in. She wasn't even trying to resist the feelings anymore. The smell had reached her brain. It been thoroughly implanted in her nostrils over the past few days, making her incredibly horny in more ways than one. She wanted to give in.

The woman's technique had been so perfected and refined, that Eve couldn't stop herself. Her sticky and sweet love juices slowly squirted out, running down her legs, and dripping onto the bedsheet below. She couldn't believe herself. She was being pleased by a woman she once derided, a woman who wore a full-length bodysuit which matched her natural body curves, a woman who was confident in her body image, a woman who was confident in herself.

Vipère sensually licked her finger, moving her tongue around it like a snake wanting to swallow its prey whole, after placing it inside of Eve, exposing her internal cave of wonders. She did this to assert her dominance and make clear to Eve that she should be submissive. She ran her finger across the golfer's messy, tangled blonde pubes, which were

open to exploration. She would do whatever she needed to eat this woman up. She deserved it, after all.

"You taste utterly divine and so naughty. I want, no, I *need* more," the snake woman declared, making her intentions loud and clear. She felt, strongly, that she would experience no pushback no matter what. She had that belief because over the days, Eve had agreed to more and more of her demands, as she kept breaking her down. That was part of her aim in order to show her the consequences of defeat.

Eve knew full well that this was only the start. This woman wasn't done with her *yet*. She would continue pleasuring her in ways that she once thought were unthinkable. She'd show her who was in control.

Removing her finger, she slid back. After maneuvering her body, she sunk into Eve and placed her obscenely long tongue inside of her. With the tongue twisting in every shape she can imagine, Eve was utterly overwhelmed. She couldn't think of anything else except serving as this woman's *sex toy*, which this woman could command. Her eyes become completely blank. Nothing else mattered in that moment except to feel good and experience pure bliss.

Only seconds after Eve wondered if Vipère ever used her fangs in these situations, she felt the woman bite her pussy. She moaned almost immediately in a cry of pain, from some of the blood, and pleasure from the snake woman's forceful and determined movements in her special place. After the woman's long black hair skimmed the outside of this sensitive area, she couldn't hold it in anymore. Her love juices to exploded in a crescendo. They blasted onto the face of the person who had utterly dominated her. Eve had been reduced to drooling woman, who only awaited more pleasure. She'd never felt this way before. She wanted this feeling to continue even if it meant giving into this woman.

Vipère didn't spend every part of each day with her. She still had work to do, either playing golf, where she gained extra cash to support herself, in underground mafia-run golf tournaments, or other tasks to occupy her time. If she had lost to Eve, perhaps her personality would have changed. That did not happen. Instead, she kept wanting to distract and intimidate her prize, no matter what. She wanted to fulfill her sexual tendencies. Every single day, she had several long sessions with Eve, in order to make clear that she was *the boss* and that her pleasure was tied to *her* remaining there. That was key. She had to keep Eve in a position that she would always need her.

When she wasn't in the hotel room, she told Eve to care for herself, saying she could order room service. She'd cover all the costs. Luckily for her, this room had no television. It wasn't because she thought that a golf report would cause Eve to snap back to her usual self, which it might do.

Rather, she found that kind of thing distracting. She only wanted to relax, not have that *idiot box* on. Going down on Eve was relaxing, in a certain way, for her.

At some points, during their time together, Eve would say she didn't like something the snake woman was doing. Vipère didn't get argumentative or huffy. Nor did she try to say that Eve was being a *bad* submissive. Instead, she tried to sway Eve's answer through sweet-talking her, through giving her the pleasure she desired, making her feel that being submissive was a good thing, and that there was no reason to resist. All she had to do was give in.

She knew that stress could impact Eve's sexual desire and that high stress could lead to fatigue and anxiety, considerably diminishing her libido. When someone was overwhelmed by their personal or work stress, it made it hard to switch into a mindset necessary for intimacy. She didn't want that for Eve. She wanted her arousal to *thrive* rather than be crushed into nothing. She wanted to foster a situation of continued arousal.

Unlike their other sessions that week, this one was different. That was because it was taking place on a weekend, specifically on a Saturday. She could spend all day with Eve, without any interruptions. Almost teasing her, she moved close to the blond-haired woman, whose breathing had intensified. She was excited by what this woman was planning to do with her. She wanted more pleasure, no matter what, regardless of whether that messed with her mind or not.

"I don't have work today, *my sweet Eve*. So, I dedicate every minute to *you* and only *you*."

Her scent was concentrated and intoxicating. She laid on top of Eve, with cum dripping from her face, cum that Eve's orgasm, which she'd caused, had put there. Staring at this woman, who was looking intently at her face, she didn't move away. Her breathing became faster. Her heart rate increased, making clear one thing, and one thing only: she was sexually excited. She wasn't afraid to tell her what turned her on. She knew who the dominant one was, and it wasn't her. It was Vipère. She had grown to live with that reality. More than that, she had accepted that reality and internalized it as the new normal for her.

The perverted snake woman, as Eve had once called her, didn't hesitate. She leaned forward in such a way that she was now at eye-level with Eve. She wanted to further smother her in her *special smell*, her sweat, and truly show her that she was *hers*. She wanted to make clear, again, that Eve should not stray and go to anywhere else. So far, that plan had been a success. She had no intention of stopping now. *None at all*.

"That was just an appetizer. I'm getting to the main course, Eve. I *want* to see you squirm."

As she rolled her tongue lewdly in Eve's small inner-ward facing belly button, her saliva began to pool. Eve began sighing, then softly moaning. She felt a flicker of something which had been under the surface, a certain yearning, a certain ache for pleasure. She couldn't stop herself as her moaning became even louder, bouncing off the room's walls. Her breasts started becoming fuller. Her muscles started to tighten. Her clit began feeling even more sensitive.

The room's air continued to be corrupted by snake woman's potent stink. To make it even more effective, she hadn't opened the windows for days. Eve had been thrown off balance and lost all focus. This stink had also mixed with the sweet smell of their love juices from all their *sessions* together in the last couple days. She felt turned on almost all the time. This was exactly what Vipère wanted to happen so she could keep dominating her.

She had completely lost her dignity, as she inhaled the smell each and every minute she spent within the hotel room. Cum continued to trickle from her sheath yet again. If she had been wearing panties, they would have been completely soaked. All her thoughts had disappeared. She kept moaning, which only increased when Vipère approached her chest, readying herself in anticipation for what came next.

While they had fucked on the golf course, the snake woman had squished her breasts against Eve's head and she'd told Eve to suck her tits. This time, she wanted to do *the same* to Eve. She began by sucking on her former competitor's nipples, which had become stiff and hard from all their intense foreplay. She started gently, then gradually increased the pace as she rolled her tongue around the tip of each one. She followed by sucking on each one forcefully, holding them in place with her mouth, as she bit them. As different sensations came together for Eve, the snake woman's actions made her experience further ecstasy. She had yet another climax.

She couldn't stop herself. Her boobs had enlarged as they did when some women were aroused. Without warning, cum began dripping out of each one. Moving her head toward them, she softly massaged each one with her hands. Vipère caused each breast to squirt out more love juices, this time reaching across the room. She teased her about it, amazed that Eve could do something like this, even after the intensity of this session so far.

"Is this what young women in Nafrece are like? How *exquisite* and *delightful*."

Eve could hardly take any more of this. Of course, the snake woman wasn't done. She moved up from the breasts. She proceed to kiss the woman's neck one inch at a time, her lipstick leaving a mark every time she smooched. She soon reached Eve's face. It was directly in front of her own. Her crimson red eyes stared deeply into the blond-woman's blue eyes. This only caused her to become more sexually aroused, especially since red was her favorite color, after all.

"This is only the beginning, *my sweet Eve*," she teased.

In the back of her mind, she wondered what this meant. The snake woman gave her a deep throated kiss, sensually moving her tongue around Eve's mouth. In response, almost like she was on command, saliva dripped out of her mouth and onto the nearby ample, and perky, breasts of the woman who had been dominating her for days. She couldn't disguise her enjoyment over what she was going through. She openly displayed it, even as she began blushing.

Vipère's thick musk continued to fill the air. Eve was drowning in it. There was no escape. On some level, she was *savoring* it, even though she didn't want to admit that. It kept driving her wild, making her want to go so much farther than she usually would. She felt a desire to grab this woman's breasts, fondle them, put a finger inside her, feel the warmth between her thighs, and-- All of these thoughts were interrupted instantly by a finger entering her sweet spot, once again, this time feeling around and looking for her g-spot. The snake woman knew she had to find it. She wanted to score one more victory against her, a rainbow crescendo if you will, a twisted sexual version of Eve's "rainbow bullet."

Eve was hoping that this woman wouldn't discover it, but of course *she did*. Her explorations were a success. She knew that the g-spot was right near Eve's highly sensitive area, and only a few inches in. She had felt her own before. It was a region that was a little more spongier than the area around it. She went ahead and applied firm pressure, paired with additional stimulation of the blond golfer's inner core, sending this young woman over the edge with immense pleasure as another climax began within her. She was feeling incredibly turned on, even more than usual. This was something she didn't mind. In fact, she welcomed it.

The snake woman wasn't sure she was getting a "soft spot" for the blond-haired woman. Instead, Eve was, for her, a woman she could screw *whenever* she wanted. That was enough. That was her price for defeat: being dominated by the (Grim) Reaper, as people called Vipère in the golf world. Thanks to her overpowering, and alluring, smell, Eve did just about everything the snake woman asked of her. She accepted all of her forays without any question in her mind. Vipère couldn't ask for a better

gift. Her former competitor felt utterly consumed and subsumed by this devious woman, as the smell was even more overpowering than ever.

Eve could have left at any time. Even so, she could tell that the woman pleasuring her had a good heart. That added to her scent, which had invaded each of her nostrils, and saturated her senses in a deep way. It had become so heady and so tantalizing that she found herself infinitely aroused. She felt on all the time. She was delirious as another wave of pleasure washed over her. She climaxed again. The snake woman smiled with glee.

It was exhausting, but she couldn't stop herself. She had been driven over the edge more than once and she wanted to keep experiencing it, no matter what. Vipère was determined to mark her, if Eve did leave, which she *guessed* she would happen at some point. This wouldn't go on forever. She wanted to enjoy it while it lasted. So, why not claim her, and show her what it meant to be wanted? Why not show her what it meant to submit to another woman?

Without any struggle, she flipped over Eve so that the younger woman's ass was right near her face, facing upwards. She moved Eve's arms so she was in all fours. This was said to be best position for what she was about to do. She smiled happily. Eve breathed heavily and wondered, deep in her mind, what this snake woman had planned for her. Using her tongue, she began to tease the edges of Eve's ass, which had hair as bushy as that around her lady garden. She wanted to make this blond golfer experience something that no one else could give her, something that only she could provide. That was the idea at least.

"Oooh--aaaa!" Eve exclaimed, as she began to feel another sensation.

Having this sexy woman stimulate her, in this way, made her hole twitch even more. She began moving her tongue through each cheek of Eve's ass, licking, kissing, and teasing, venturing toward the anus but not quite at it. With Eve's enthusiastic agreement, she soon moved her tongue through the anus's wrinkles, rolling it around, sucking in the strong, potent flavor. She wanted to envelope her. She was nearly doing so. She had learned about these techniques not from some video she found online but from sex workers who were in the employ of the mafia. They had specific courses hosted by these women including one entitled "How to Rim a Woman and Make Her Yours."

Eve's ass was so sensitive that she couldn't help but enjoy the snake woman's intensity. Pleasure continued building inside her like a train chugging through a tunnel, increasing speed so it wasn't left in the darkness. Not only did it feel good, but since it was *still* a bit taboo within Nafrece to do this, there was an illicit thrill to it as well. She felt more stimulated, and excited, by every kiss and lick the snake woman gave her.

She wouldn't be doing anything else. In a certain way she was glad to be there. Surely she had lost that golf game. To have a woman like this giving her pleasure, she felt wanted and desired. She liked that.

As the saliva from Vipère built up, Eve couldn't stop herself. Her love juices spurted from her ass, then from her nipples not long after. Rather than spitting out the taste, the snake woman took it in. She indulged herself. She *wanted* her mouth to have Eve's taste. She wanted it inside her. She had *every right*. She would have confidently done the same if she'd done this in public rather than in a hotel room. She didn't care if others saw her.

What the snake woman was doing was so intense, so sensual, that it caused cum to begin trickling out of Eve's tunnel of love, as she kept moaning. She was making clear that as long as Eve smelled her, *she'd* be in the one in control. The blond-haired girl understood that much. She had recognized that more and more as the days past. She didn't see it as a problem. In fact, she saw it almost as her duty to follow what this woman said and accept the domination as normal.

It was hard to go back from all of it. How could she? It seemed she had fully assumed her "role" as Vipère's fuck toy. The scent had permeated so deeply into her mind that she felt like she was under a spell, tempting her to get even closer, and distracting her at the same time. Everything else had simply fallen away, dissipating into nothingness. Golf wasn't even a thought on her mind. *Not even close*. She wasn't thinking about anything like that.

Breathing in her scent again with pleasure filling every part of her body, she could feel the snake woman inside her. In more ways than one, Eve's desire continued to be fueled by the snake woman's touch and how she smelled. It went beyond the pheromone coming from her belly button, which she used as a secret weapon to win golf matches time and again, a clearly effective tactic. It was a deeper desire to let this woman lead her and tell her what to do.

To give Eve even more pleasure and make clear this woman was *hers*, Vipère squeezed the woman's ass cheeks together, then pulled them apart, giving her more area to explore with her tongue. She then placed one slender finger inside, while she running her other hand through Eve's messy blond hair, which she playfully tussled back and forth. Her former competitor thoroughly enjoyed this display of utter submission.

As she continued, she decided to explore other parts of Eve's body, again by fondling one of her breasts with her hand, the same one which had previously touched her hair. She stroked it with one of her long slender fingers and proceeded to touch the very-sensitive side-boob, then the

underboob. Eve couldn't hold in her moaning as she shouted, "ooooh, aaaaah! This feels *so good!* Keep doing that!"

Love juices began to trickle down from Vipère's special place as well, even though it wasn't being directly stimulated. Both of them felt so alive. As for Eve, she couldn't believe she been so thoroughly *dominated*.

Vipère's desires were central, without question, with Eve only trying to please her.

"Tell me what you want to do next, *my sweet Eve*."

Remaining as submissive as ever, which grew day by day, she remarked, "I want you to decide, you *lovely snake woman*. You are *incredible*."

While she would have gotten angry at Eve not calling her by her name, the fact that she was acting this way encouraged her to let it slide *for now*.

She had already stimulated Eve's pussy, her ass, and her boobs. She wanted to foster a deeper connection with her, away from what she usually did. She hoped to make their experience more exciting. She wanted to ensure that Eve remained submissive, enhance her physical sensations, and strengthen their emotional bonds while they created memories from their wild sex together. That was part of her devious plan. Eve wasn't resisting it.

The snake woman soon moved her long slender finger gently up Eve's body, beginning with her clavicle area, caressing it lightly with only the tip of one finger. She then moved her mouth into position. As Eve began to moan softly, she was in anticipation, once again, for what this woman would do next. Her pleasure continued to go up and down depending on what Vipère was doing to her. She had accepted that submission as something she had to do.

She licked the back of her neck, which had become even more sensitive than usual, her tongue moved across the skin softly in such a way that she felt closer to this woman with every passing second. She then gently bit the skin, with Eve feeling the woman's fangs slightly touch her. They didn't go in deep enough to break the skin, unlike before. This time, the pain she felt was something that she enjoyed, a pain which she had not expected.

She hadn't thought she'd been turned on so much by this woman licking, kissing, and biting of this part of her body. She was brought even further pleasure when this woman began caressing the area behind her earlobe, leading to additional moaning. She couldn't help but let it out. She didn't feel ashamed at all. Why not show how much someone is pleasuring you?

Aren't you being grateful by doing so? Those were her thoughts at the time.

Cum began to release from between her legs, yet again, squirting onto the bedsheet, the floor, and the snake woman, as she had yet another climax. Vipère could not be happier at this result. She wanted Eve to keep feeling this way, so that she knew that her pleasure was dependent on their connection with each other. She wanted her to feel that she had to stay there, hoping it would stop what she saw as the inevitable: that she'd leave.

She was far from a resolution of their sexual activity together. When that happened, she would feel completely relaxed. Vipère would keep pleasuring Eve. She'd ensure that her orgasms were under her control, on her terms, making one thing clear: she couldn't reach full sexual excitement *without her*. That was her ultimate goal. She had already nearly convinced this blond-haired golfer of that. What she said next revealed how much she had already won.

Eve said something unexpected. "You are *amazing*, Vipère. I want to keep having *fun* with you every day, just like this. We can explore our desires together."

The snake woman smiled. She decided to take a break. They sat on the bed together, side by side, as their breaths started to slow down. She still wanted to treat her like a human being.

"Would you like go for another round?," she asked, genuinely wondering whether this woman would want to do any more of this intense foreplay or not. She was okay with giving it a rest, even for a little while.

Eve nodded. She *wanted* to keep cumming again and again, in orgasm after orgasm. She would continue being guided by this snake woman who had overwhelmed her physically and mentally on the golf course and in the bedroom. Whether a report about golf would cause her to snap back to her usual self, she had accepted the terms of the defeat. Having Vipère dominate her like this was a consequence of her loss. She had no choice but to consent. What came next would be up to her, and Vipère, not anyone else. They would decide their fate and whether to keep this cycle of domination and submission going or end it right then and there. That was their choice, after all...

End Notes

I drew inspiration from various fics, which are listed in the original fic's inspirationn section. The title's first part was inspired by Pearl's comment in the *Steven Universe* episode "[Marble Madness](#)," where she tells Steven, while remaining stressed, "WE DON'T KNOW. They just keep COMING and COMING and we don't even know what they ARE! We don't know ANYTHING!" The dialogue before this has some hidden sexual connotations. Amethyst tugs on the robonoid and says "Yeah! Let it out! Get CRAZY! Hua!" Pearl says "STOP! COMING! HERE! YOU! STUPID! BALLS!" I really don't know how this dialogue got past the Broadcast and Standards people at Cartoon Network, but it somehow did. I was further inspired by chapters [one](#) and [two](#) of "Legend of Korra: Avatar of Domination," but in only in some ways because that multi-chaptered fic involves an asylum, medical facility, straight-jacket, mind manipulation, and mind control. This fic does not. The same goes for the fic "Holiday Heat" with only certain parts of chapters [five](#) and [six](#) as inspirations for this fic. This is also the case for [chapter two](#) of "Vincent Copes With His Trauma By Mind Controlling People" and part of the beginning of the fic "[Birdie Birdie](#)." Physical descriptions of Eve and Vipere, which I found on the fandom pages, were vital, providing details not present elsewhere.

I included some information from the articles "[Where Is the G-Spot? How to Find and Stimulate It](#)," "[The ultimate guide to rimming](#)," "[How to Eat Ass](#)," "[How to Play With Breasts](#)," and "[How to Find a Woman's G-Spot](#)." On a very minimal level, the article "[Rimming: What it is, how to perform it, and more](#)" was helpful, but not as much as I hoped. Kate Sloan's post "[3 Tips for Newbie Femdoms](#)," the webpage "[What Causes Arousal in Women? | Unlocking Desire's Secrets](#)," "[The Truth About Female Desire](#)," "[What are the physical signs of female arousal?](#)," "[Understanding sexual arousal in women](#)," "[You Are Not a Bad Submissive](#)," and the Wikipedia page "Erogenous zone" were all helpful as well.

This fic was originally posted on Sunset, a femslash fanfic site. However, it was removed when I was perma-banned on April 17th for mishandling interactions w/ a few users, despite apologizing to those users, removing certain passages of fics, and apologizing to the Sunset admin and others. As such, I would recommend **against** *anyone* joining that site, or Superlove. Both admins (Melo/Kat for Superlove, Agnes for Sunset) are friends w/ each other. Those admins are very particular and not in a good way. I find the whole circumstance deeply unfortunate. I wish it could have been resolved a better way.

I do not want this fic to be lost. I did not include some tags on Sunset (like Sunset's Femslash Refresh 2026, Exclusive to Sunset, First Birdie Wing fic on here, and Object Insertion (used Object Penetration)). Other

tags have been retained. On Sunset, this fic was listed as part of two series: "My Femslash Refresh 2026 Collection" and "My Sunset Smutty Fic Collection."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!